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Annette Josephine Poague
Elizabeth Josephine Poague
Mary Louise Allman
Neil Delbert Alderman

Henry Wright, a prisoner in the jail who was sent here from Cass for possession of moonshine liquor, was taken seriously ill with some intestinal disease and also seems to be affected mentally. He is being treated at the hospital. His home is said to be at Leonard in Greenbrier county, but nothing definite has been learned about his residence or family, if any.

He will probably be committed to the State hospital, if his condition warrants his removal. Any one knowing this man, or any information as to his relatives, kindly communicate with the Sheriff's Office, Marlinton, Pocahontas county, W. Va. He seems to have been chronically sick for a long time, and bears the scars of several abdominal wounds or operations.

Machinery and equipment by the car loads are being unloaded at Marlinton for the repair of the Edray

for a long time, and bears the scars of several abdominal wounds or operations.

Machinery and equipment by the car loads are being unloaded at Marlinton for the road camps at Edray and Jim Gibsons. Work is progressing, building camps and preparing quarries. The third camp on 22 mile contract for foundation base on the Seneca Trail will be at the Dunlap place near Linwood.

Dallas McKeever had the misfortune to break a leg last Saturday. While working on his farm head of Swago, he stepped

FOLLOW SWEET CLOVER

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GEORGE BROWN COCHRAN

After a short illness, George Brown Cochran was called from this life to the life beyond on December 8, 1927. Mr. Cochran was born in Pocahontas county on September 26, 1842, thus being 85 years, two months and 15 days of age at the time of his death. He married Miss Martha E. Hollands worth, January 25, 1882. She died February 8, 1883. One child was born to this union—Mrs. James F. Rock, of Renick, with whom Mr. Cochran made his home. He leaves to mourn their loss his daughter, Mrs. Rock, eight grandchildren, three great grandchildren, a host of relatives, and his many friends.

Mr. Cochran made a profession of faith and united with the Methodist Protestant church in which he served very faithfully, being an official member until his death.

Mr. Cochran served in the Civil War as a Confederate soldier, taking part in several battles. He was not only a soldier of the war; he was a soldier of the cross. His body was laid to rest in the Droop Cemetery, December 10, 1927. XXX.

In the graveyard sweetly sleeping,
Where the flowers gently wave
Lies the one we love so dearly
In his lonely silent grave.

He shall never be forgotten,
Nor shall his memory fade;
Sweetest thoughts will always linger
Around the grave where he is laid.

No one knows how much we miss him
No one knows the tears we shed;
But in Heaven we hope to meet him,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

J. K. R.

Sadly missed by Daughter, Grand-

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I have attended all club meetings, keep project circulars up to date, read and study all club literature; took pains in working to make a success on the sewing project. I talk club life in our community, and try to get all boys and girls who do not belong to join, and try to get the parents interested in club work. The name of our club is Mount Tabor I-Can Club; motto, We can because we think we can: color, Gold and blue; flower, Merrygold; yell, Tin Can, Who Can, We Can. We have a jolly and go lucky club; everyone enjoys the work and takes an interest. We have eight bright members—Margaret McLaughlin, Nadine, Edna and Walker Lee Beverage, Carl, Lynn and Gladys McCarty, Floy Shrader. We are planning on having a Valentine party, and also must mention this is the month to begin our book lets.

Nadine Beverage, Pres

I have been a member of the 4-H Club four months and like club work very much. I took sewing for my project as I think this will be of use to my mother and myself. My hardest problem in making my towel was to embroider my initial which I did did very well after many trials.

Ollie Underwood.
Cummings Creek Evergreen Club.

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did very well. Ollie Underwood.
Cummings Creek Evergreen Club.

My plans for writing and illustrating my booklet are I think the club is a lot of help to me in my work at home and at school. I want the back of my booklet to be different from all my other booklets or any I have ever seen. I am going to have my booklet completed by the time school is out, my mind will not be bothered. I am going to make it the best booklet that I have made. I think my club and school can help each other by having hot lunches. We are having a Valentine party and celebrating Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. We have club meetings and are giving each pupil some part in the work to get them interested, and they will want to be a 4-H Club boys and girls. Our club has discussed the matter of a community library and decided that club members want to get the people interested in establishing a community library. We could have socials and some may have good books that they would add to the library. Our school has a good library and we give the people of the community the privilege to have a book out for a certain length of time. This is one way that our school and club can serve the community.

Olivia Lucille Hannah, Elk Busy Bee Club, Edray, W. Va.



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railroads but hard on the coal fields and the factories.

Most of the geology belongs to the period referred to generally at B. C. At that time there was no one living here that we can definitely determine. So to bring the conversation down to the times known as A. D., I want to make some mention of a citizen who so far as I can figure out has the right to be known as the father and founder of Huntersville, and that is John Bradshaw.

The name of Bradshaw has faded out of Pocahontas county, but a large number of citizens of the name of McLaughlin, Cackley, Gwin, Hogsett and Tallman are direct descendants of the old pioneer. It is safe to say that enough descendants of this Soldier of the Revolution could be named who would far outnumber the members of the societies known as

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EDITOR.

1928

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the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters or the American Revolution in West Virginia, as large and prosperous as those societies have become. John Bradshaw had four sons who removed to foreign countries, two to Missouri, one to Virginia, and one to Lewis county. He had four daughters who married here and left a host of descendants. At the time that the Revolution broke out John Bradshaw was eighteen years old. At that time he was scouting around on the western waters somewhere about Wolf Creek, in Monroe county.

Early in that war the Indian armies appeared on our western frontier, and the backwoodsmen were organized into a branch of colonial service known as rangers, but officially designated as Indian spies. It was their duty to watch the country along the Seneca trail from Monroe county to Preston county. Along this line a large number of stockade forts were built in the bloody seventies. The best men were detailed for this service. They took the usual oath of the soldier and in addition to that oath they swore not to build a

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At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies

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At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies and married Nancy McKamie, and settled on the Bull Pasture river about ten miles below McDowell in the part of the country covered by Fort George, one of the forts of the line of forts built by Dinwiddie in the French and Indian war. Bradshaw seems to have had about a year at home. From November 1, 1779, to January 1, 1781. That was about the time that Col. Tarleton, and his dragons, chased the Virginia assembly into the mountains until the statesmen met in Staunton, and an alarm in the night, caused the legislature to scatter in great haste at that place;

the French and Indian war. Bradshaw seems to have had about a year at home. From November 1, 1779, to January 1, 1781. That was about the time that Col. Tarleton, and his dragons, chased the Virginia assembly into the mountains until the statesmen met in Staunton, and an alarm in the night, caused the legislature to scatter in great haste at that place;

Bradshaw joined the company of Captain Thomas Hicklin, in Col. Sampson Mathews regiment, and served an enlistment of three months from the highlands to the sea. He was in a battle at Portsmouth, with John Slaven, and a lot of other mountain men, and being discharged he came home for the summer. But along in August he was called to the colors again and again marched down from the mountains to the sea, and by the time that he got to Yorktown the colonial troops had penned up Lord Cornwallis and a big British army on a narrow penninsular, and

John Slaven, and a lot of other mountain men, and being discharged he came home for the summer. But along in August he was called to the colors again and again marched down from the mountains to the sea, and by the time that he got to Yorktown the colonial troops had penned up Lord Cornwallis and a big British army on a narrow penninsular, and there is where John Bradshaw waded in human blood shoe mouth deep. Cornwallis surrendered to the American army there, and John Bradshaw stood in line with the other ragged colonial soldiers one morning in October. The Americans formed a double line and the Cornwallis army marched out of Yorktown between the lines and reached a place where they were required to lay down their arms. Some of the British soldiers threw their muskets down with force enough to injure the gun. Then the British marched back between the lines into Yorktown.

The next day the British prisoners

It marched out of Yorktown between the lines and reached a place where they were required to lay down their arms. Some of the British soldiers threw their muskets down with force enough to injure the gun. Then the British marched back between the lines into Yorktown.

The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester under guard and Bradshaw was one of the guards, and when these prisoners were duly delivered at Winchester in the Valley, Bradshaw was discharged and came back to his home.

Soon after the Revolution, John Bradshaw moved west of the Allegheny and founded Huntersville. He got for his mountain home the plantations now owned by Sherman P. Curry, the Amos Barlow heirs, and J. H. Buzzard, several square miles of territory, and this included all of the site of the town of Huntersville. The Bradshaw home was placed on a bluff looking down on the beautiful waters of Knapps creek, at or near the place where Isaac Barlow

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About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the mountains. A ticket that he held in a State lottery drew him a prize of ten thousand dollars and that was an immense fortune in those days.

He was a prominent figure in Bath county and in this county after its formation. My father remembers seeing him. My father was seven years old when John Bradshaw died

the seventy-nine years old. In his old
age, he was a large portly man, with
elegant manners, and fine dress, and
walked with a crutch richly inlaid
with silver.

When Pocahontas county was or-
ganized in the spring of 1822, the
commissioners met at John Brad-
shaw's house, and they took from
him a deed for about an acre of
ground on the bluff across the lane
from his house, for the county build-
ings. This site was accepted and a
brick courthouse built on it that
lasted until the county seat was
moved six miles west on the Hunters
ville road to the new city of Marlin-
ton.

John Bradshaw had another im-
mense tract of land in the Dilley's
Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new
county court was to grant license to
keep a house of private entertain-
ment at his residence for the year
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John Bradshaw had another immense tract of land in the Dilley's Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new county court was to grant license to keep a house of private entertainment at his residence for the year ending in May, 1823. For this he paid a license of \$4.50. But the next year he was licensed to keep an ordinary at the same place for a license fee of \$18.00. In the meantime, Bradshaw sat as one of the county court, being a justice of the county. The main difference between a house of entertainment and an ordinary was that that the ordinary could sell spirits and wine by the small measure. The court fixed the tariff. For a half pint of whiskey the charge was 12 1/2 cents or one bit. There were plenty of half cent pieces in those days. Meals were 25 cents and lodging 12 cents. A gallon of grain was 12 1/2 cents and hay for twenty four hours.

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John Bradshaw sleeps in the old Huntersville cemetery. His grave is not marked by a lettered monument but it can be located and it should receive one of the monuments provided for by Congress for Revolutionary soldiers. My father says that his grave is marked by a wild cherry tree growing directly over his last resting place.

The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state highway where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east.

776, grave is marked by a white cross growing directly over his last resting place.

The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state highway where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east. John Bradshaw departed this life January 6, 1837. A tall unlettered native slab of rock is at the head of the grave, and a smaller one at the foot, both standing. Between the two stones, exactly over the center of the grave there is a large wild cherry tree, perhaps thirty inches in diameter. This tree is showing signs of great age, and is ready to fall. There is some talk of cutting it down on account of its condition.

You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and

You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession,

Close by him is the tomb of George E. Craig, a prominent citizen of this county, was born in 1801 and died in 1846. He was a merchant at the county seat. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church. One of his sons was the Rev. Dr. J. N. Craig, prominent in the Southern Presbyterian church. He was about my father's age and as boys they left the same day in company to enter Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, in the year 1850, where both graduated. So far as I know these were the first college graduates from Pocahontas county, and both became

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A great many persons trace their line to John Bradshaw through the marriage of six of his granddaughters children of William Bradshaw. Nancy married Isaac Hartman of Green Bank, Mary Jane married Alexander Moore, of Stony Creek, Senilda married Washington Nottingham, of Glade Hill, Huldah, married John A. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, Martha married Beverly Waugh, of the Lit-

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d tle Levels, and Matilda married
h Nicholas Linger of Lewis county.

d There would be no trouble to form
d a very numerous society of the des-
cendants of this Revolutionary sol-
dier. And a reunion of his descend-
ants on some summer day at the
noted Curry arch just above and in
sight of his grave would be notable
gathering. It would make a grand
monument for a tablet to be placed
on this great arch with the name of
John Bradshaw and the dates of his
service in the war for independence.

The traveller on the Huntersville
road can locate the tomb of John
Bradshaw from the road as he crosses
the bridge leading into Huntersville
at George Ginger's residence. It is a
large wild cherry tree on the brow of
the terrace back of A. B. McComb's
store. I went there the other day
with James A. Reed and as he looked
around at the beautiful valley sur-

The traveller on the independent road can locate the tomb of John Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place where there are millions of small stones, the talus washed down from the hills above, and I stopped to take my daily breath of fresh air, and keep on with my continuing hunt for a perfect trilobite, which will probably be the millioneth stone I turn over.

As I scanned the gravel strewn stream beds, a young fellow came walking the road, and I hailed him and told him that I would be driving

the will probably be the perfect trilobite, which
the I turn over. the milloneth stone

key As I scanned the gravel strewn
one stream beds, a young fellow came
ent walking the road, and I hailed him
25 and told him that I would be driving
on into town in a few minutes and he
for came and looked for specimens. He
was showed so much interest and intelli-
er? gence in the work, that I asked him
old if he had had any experience in the
is business. He said he had worked on
nt an expedition from the University of
ld Chicago, in South America, for years,
o- making collections of natural history
n objects. And in addition to that he
is had enlisted and served in the
ee Argonne in the world war. He was
ng a collector himself, his attention
of being given to numismatics, stamps,
and World War relics. He was un-
married. He was looking for a po-
to sition on a farm. He was farm raised
t. The gentleman of three continents
fe left me to make application for a job
ed as a farm hand.
of

John Brown—They Had A Concern

By Jeannette Mather Lord

I

They Had a Concern

On the rolling Iowa prairies between the Cedar and Iowa Rivers, Quaker Ridge was settled during the 1850's by Friends from New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. In time the little town of Springdale, situated on the state highway, now known as the Herbert Hoover Highway, emerged as the center of this Quaker community extending through Cedar, Muscatine, and Linn Counties.

In the concern of these Quakers over slavery, Springdale became one of the chief stations on the Underground Railroad in Iowa. This was not a railroad, nor was it underground. It was a route on which lived people whose homes were stations or refuges for escaped slaves and who as engineers and conductors helped the fugitives on their way to the next station toward freedom. It was a source of satisfaction to these Quakers that of the many fleeing slaves reaching Springdale, every one reached Canada and freedom, so carefully was the trip from Springdale mapped out.

I never tired of hearing the older people tell of their part in those stirring years. Aunt Senie, a tiny person, who radiated repose and serenity, had packed more lunches for escaped slaves, it was said, than any other woman in Iowa.

Friend Laurie Tatum, keeper of Traveller's Rest in Springdale and later guardian of the orphaned Herbert Hoover, as a conductor of the Underground Railroad, carried by covered wagon many fugitives across country about twenty-five miles to Mechanicsville. So did Shannon Todd. It was Laurie Tatum, I think, whose wagon was mired in the shifting sands of the Cedar River at Gray's Ford. The combined efforts of himself and his team failed to get the wagon free. The added strength of a stranger also failed to budge the wagon.

"It can't be done," was the stranger's opinion. "The wagon will have to be unloaded."

him: a glass of jelly, an apple, a warm muffler, or a gay kerchief. No memory of my childhood is more vivid than that of this kindly old man trying to make this group of primary children understand the suffering of the mind of the slave even when there was no suffering of body. Dinah, looking up in his master's face, would punctuate the tale with whines, for his master was in distress and to Dinah that was beyond canine endurance.

Uncle Tom's first memory was of hiding in the bushes and seeing the foreman flog his father who was tied to a post. Taking refuge with his mother, he begged to know why white people were masters and the blacks were slaves. She hushed his cries and with tragic earnestness tried to drive all hate and thought of revenge out of her son's heart. They were slaves; acceptance of their lot was a necessity; hatred, rebellion, thoughts of revenge only brought more trouble and suffering, not only to themselves but to their loved ones.

"Mammy," he said, "when I get to be a man I'll not be a slave. I'm bound to run away and be a free man."

Sadly his mother answered, "My child, if you have such thoughts as those never let anyone know it."

This was in Culpepper County, Missouri. After being forty years a slave, Uncle Tom escaped. It was in the fall of the year. He slept in the daytime and traveled at night, following the North Star. Twice he ventured to approach a farmhouse to beg for food. The first time the woman set the dogs on him, and it was difficult to shake them off his trail. The second time the housewife invited him into the kitchen, set a chair for him and went ostensibly for food but in reality to call the men. Uncle Tom, sensing danger, ran out just as the husband with a gun, accompanied by his son, came around the corner of the house. The man shot several times before Uncle Tom reached the shelter of a cornfield in which he eluded them. After that he kept away from people.

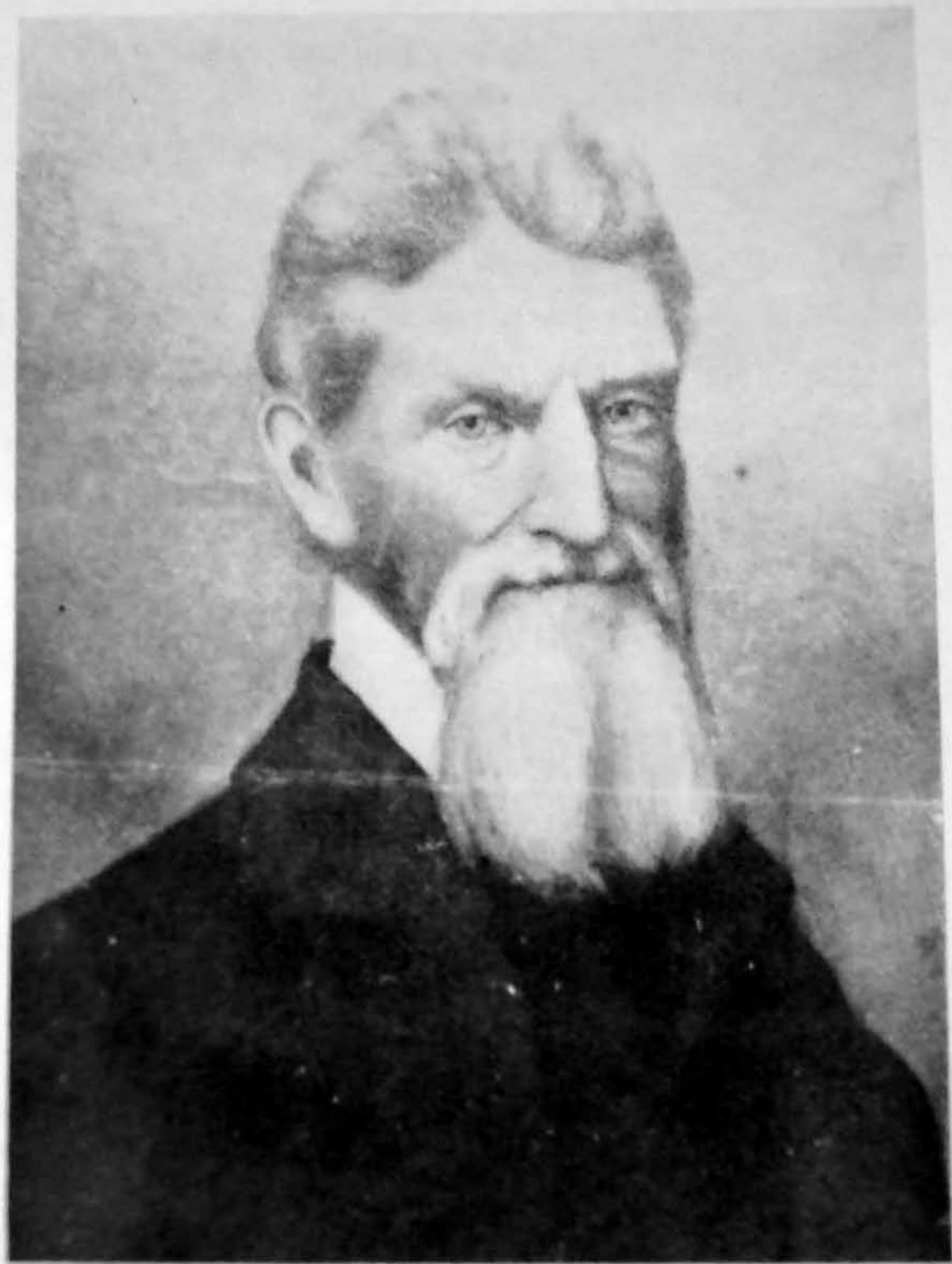
How he found Springdale, I have often wondered. Only when he reached the community where the women wore gray gowns and bonnets and the men broad-brimmed hats did he dare show himself. Humor, traveling by grapevine in Missouri, had said there would he find safety and be helped on his way.

He arrived late in the year, having had nothing to eat but the raw field corn since leaving his master in Missouri three months before. He had suffered much from the cold. His feet were frozen and in such condition that his boots had to be cut off. Some time was spent in recuperating. He worked as he could to pay for his board and when fit to travel went on his way to Canada and freedom.

It was after the war that Uncle Tom returned to Springdale to live, buying the house just east of the schoolhouse. Of his family I know nothing except that at intervals a daughter would come to live with him. She so vigorously cleaned house and as vigorously used her tongue that before long Uncle Tom would decide that he was happier by himself and the daughter would leave until next summoned. Except for these visits, Uncle Tom lived alone with his cow, sometimes a calf, his chickens, ducks and Dinah. The house was used in common by all. I cannot say that I ever saw the cow in the house, but I have seen the calf in the kitchen drinking from a dish placed on a chair. In the summer the door stood open and the fowls and animals crossed the threshold at will.

On Sabbath, or First Day, Uncle Tom went to Quaker Meeting. Dinah is the only dog I have seen attend divine worship, but inseparable from his master, he would follow him into the pew and never cause any disturbance beyond the excitement among the children as he and Uncle Tom entered. Being prompt was not one of Uncle Tom's virtues. Just as the minister (for by this time the Friends in Springdale had grown progressive enough to have a minister) reached sixthly, or perhaps lastly, when we children had given up hoping for an end and were sure the clock had stopped, Uncle Tom and Dinah would make their way to the empty pew nearest the door. From our family pew we lost no detail of this entrance. Uncle Tom was always a person of romance. We delighted in his kindly face and picturesque figure in his silver gray suit, bright bandanna, soft broad-brimmed gray hat, showing beneath it a fringe of white hair. He never took off his hat in meeting except during a prayer, not even in the long silence following the sermon.

At the time of the early Friends in England, to remove a hat in the presence of others was an act of servility or, at least, a recognition of inferiority. Believing that all men are equal in



John Brown

the sight of God, the early Friend wore his hat in the presence of all people, even the king and other high officials. He wore it in court and in meeting, but he removed it when he prayed. It was definitely Quakerly for Uncle Tom to wear his hat during the service and symbolic of his recognized equality with his neighbors. Here no one wished Uncle Tom to pay "hat honor."

When my mother had typhoid fever, every morning before breakfast Uncle Tom, having walked a mile and a half to our home, known as Evergreens, would appear at the kitchen door to inquire how the "missus" was. Mother gave orders to the cook to invite him into the kitchen for breakfast, but he refused even a cup of coffee.

On our way to town, we frequently found Uncle Tom out on the "horseblock" watching for us. Would we stop on our return for a basket of fruit, always ripe before ours?

One day he questioned Mother on how to raise ducks. This was a surprising inquiry from one so successful. Sensing his seriousness, Mother told him in great detail her understanding of the problem. He asked many questions. Finally fully satisfied that Mother knew how to care for ducks, he asked permission to present us children with a duck and her newly hatched brood. The ducks thrived and because of their unusually brilliant coloring were our delight.

The years accumulated for Uncle Tom. The time came when he could no longer care for himself. Even now he could not live with his daughter. He sold his tiny place and, with the proceeds and his savings, went to the county farm as a paying guest. He was happy there, living to a ripe old age, full of quiet dignity, a respected and self-supporting member of the community. Once a year he would receive an invitation to visit Uncle William for a week-end to attend again our meeting where he would see all his friends.

In the Springdale Cemetery is his grave with the inscription on the tombstone:

*Thomas W. Jenkins
Called as a slave
Richard Lewis
Died Dec. 9, 1902
Aged 83 years old*

II

We Have No Use for Thy Guns

In October of 1856, John Brown came to Iowa City, Iowa, the home of the Kansas National Committee for Iowa, to see William Penn Clarke, Dr. Jesse Bowen, Colonel Samuel C. Trowbridge, Iowa City's first sheriff, and other abolitionists, who from now on, could always be depended upon to supply funds needed for forwarding passengers on the Underground Railroad. This ran across Iowa with stations at Tabor, Lewis, Des Moines, Grinnel, Iowa City, West Liberty, Springdale, Tipton, Dewitt, and Clinton. Salem in Southeastern Iowa was also an important station.

On this occasion he visited for the first time the Friends' community, east of Iowa City. The story ran that weary and travel-worn, John Brown stopped his mule in West Branch at Travel's Rest, an inn kept by James Townsend, saying to his host, "Have you ever heard of John Brown of Kansas?" Townsend, knowing Brown through Iowa City abolitionists, took a piece of chalk from his vest pocket and marked a large X on Brown's hat, another on his back and a third on the flank of his mule to indicate that Brown was to be a guest on the house. Then he said, "Friend, put thy animal in that stable and walk into the house. Thee is surely welcome."¹

In the early winter of 1857-'58 again Brown was in Springdale. With him were ten of his supporters and also some slaves whom they were helping to freedom. Unsuccessfully an auction was held in an attempt to sell off the wagons and teams, used for transporting rifles and pikes from Tabor, Iowa. They had walked from Tabor in twenty-five days, avoiding settlements on the way. My father has described Brown's patriarchal appearance as he stood in the midst of his company that day—slightly under six feet in height with stooping shoulders, gray hair and long flowing beard of snowy whiteness, in all appearances an old man, but one commanding attention, confidence and respect. He never laughed.

The auction was a failure. Cash was scarce because of the panic of 1857. William Maxson, a spiritualist, not a Quaker

¹Many of the older Friends in the community used the Quaker "thou" in my childhood. Others used the "thee" of the Quaker vernacular which later came into general use as the subject as well as the object of a verb. Both are used as they were used in the stories.

but long a member of a train crew of the Underground Railroad, living in the rather isolated North Liberty community, about three miles northeast of Springdale, agreed to give board for the winter to Brown and his men in exchange for his teams and wagons as might seem just and fair—one and a half dollars a week for each man, not including laundry and extra candles.

The Maxson house was an attractive one, built in 1839 on the edge of the timber, on the site of the first white man's cabin built on this side of the Cedar River. Constructed of stone, it was overlaid with plaster and was quite palatial for these days. The house, 24 x 38 feet with an annex 16 x 20, had five good-sized rooms on the ground floor. Its walls were a foot thick, its laths of split native oak. The floors were also of oak and the woodwork was of black walnut. I remember the design of the molding and the carved corners of the window frames, for my sense of fitness was hurt when I saw trophy hunters tear off lovely pieces, leaving great gaping holes.

Around the fireplace in the parlor, called "the great room," were held the councils and here plans were laid. Opening off this room was a smaller room used by Brown as a bedroom and office. The big living-room and long dining-room-kitchen were also given over to Brown's men. A steep narrow stairs led to a garret where there was just enough head room for a man to stand erect under the ridge pole. This served as sleeping quarters for the ten men.

Maria Todd, later the wife of Elza Maxson, told me that she lived with William and Delilah Maxson while Brown and his men were there. She and the Maxson family shared the cellar with the fleeing slaves that winter. It was a large cellar, underneath the whole house, designed and used as a station on the Underground Railroad. The open stairway came down from the dining-room-kitchen, dividing the part under the main house into two large rooms, each of which had its huge fireplace. Back of these rooms extended a dark area never fully explored by me. The cooking was done over the fireplaces.

Today the house is still spoken of as beautiful. "The big east door with its dignified casement, the nice proportion of the house, its unusual finish of gravel, not unlike modern stucco, give occasion to wonder at the pioneer settlers who bullded it."

The above was written after the old house had fallen into ruins and was to be pulled down. Three architects were sent to make blue-prints of the old building. These were to be deposited in the national files in Washington, D. C.

In my childhood, the right-hand fireplace in the cellar had fallen in, leaving a big jagged hole in the foundation. When showing visitors this cellar we children anticipated the moment when, stepping off the stairs, Mother would say, "This cellar was considered one of the safest of all the stations of the Underground Railroad." Not infrequently would come the expected question from the guest who had taken a hurried look about, "Did the railroad come in there?" pointing to the hole where was once a fireplace.

We never missed a visit to the cellar and we were always at Mother's elbow as she pointed out the strength of this refuge. Many a time officers of the law, slave masters and bloodhounds were confident that the fugitive slaves had been tracked to that cellar. Never were they refused the admittance demanded; never was force used to keep them from securing their quarry. But courageous as these men undoubtedly were the desire of regaining possession of the most valuable of slaves diminished as they stood in the dining-room at the open door, staring down an open staircase with the light streaming down from above. Below on either side stretched the impenetrable darkness of the cellar. A fugitive slave was a desperate man, protected by the darkness, while his would-be captor faced the necessity of descending that stairway in full light, an easy target. Although the slave's master sometimes lingered in the community for a week or two, fortunately for the record of the community, no attempt was ever made to enter that cellar.

The names of the men who made up John Brown's party became household names in the homes of the Quakers. They were always listed as follows: Brown's son, Owen Brown; Richard Realf, an Englishman; John Henri Kagi, correspondent for the *New York Post*; Aaron D. Stephens, known as Colonel Whipple; John Edwin Cook, later a brother-in-law of the governor of Indiana; Luke F. Parsons, 22 years old and already a fighter seasoned in the Kansas Border War; William H. Leeman, only eighteen; Charles Plummer Tidd; Charles Moffat and a fugitive

slave, Richard Richardson, from Lexington, Missouri, who had joined them in southern Iowa.

These men became part of the community. They brought many new interests. My father attended the mock legislature held twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the big west room of the Maxson house and later, because of the crowds, in the brick schoolhouse, which subsequently became the home of Moses Varney. This legislature followed parliamentary law and proceeded with motions and debates. From Father's account, I judge that all questions of interest of the day were discussed: politics, slavery and warfare, political and civil rights of the negro, college education and civil rights of women, banking laws, prohibitory liquor laws, mechanics, theology, spiritualism, and natural philosophy. The Maxsons and Stephens were spiritualists. Brown kept his men supplied with good reading, especially with biographies of great men, beginning with *Plutarch's Lives*. Consequently they had a wide range of interests, wider than that of Brown himself. He was a crusader with one dominating idea. He talked only of religion and the evils of slavery, and he was indeed a convincing debater. Realf, Kagi, Cook, and Coppoc were brilliant in oratory.

Rising at five in the morning the boarders at Mr. Maxson's spent the forenoons in military studies and drilling with wooden swords or pikes and in maneuvering in the open space in front of the house, led by Stephens who had had previous United States Army experience. As a child I have trod the paths worn by these men in their drilling, still distinct forty years afterwards in an otherwise green lawn. I was awed by the fact that these men had willingly given their lives, not in self-defense but deliberately in order to help others gain freedom.

The evenings were given over to reading, writing letters, studying shorthand, taught by Kagi, and debating.

The decision to winter here in Springdale was an excellent one in John Brown's judgment, for this community was well known for its concern against slavery and against war. It was several miles off the railroad and far from Harper's Ferry and

Coming into the community with escaping slaves who needed help, John Brown and the Quakers met as co-workers in a common cause to which they were completely and devotedly dedicated. Without reserve they applied themselves to hiding the fugitives and finding means of passing on these "packages" to safety and to Canada. There would be time for the Quakers to consider John Brown later.

In a matter of days after the establishment of Brown's men at Maxsons, suspicions were aroused as word spread of maneuvers and military drill on the lawn in front of the Maxson house. The Quakers knew of the Kansas Border War and the Potawotomie massacre. Their disapproval was shown by the Quaker who said to Brown, "Thou art welcome to tarry among us but we have no use for thy guns." The Quakers stood ready to work with Brown in aiding fugitive slaves, but no sanction would they give to any plan of violence.

When the Quakers came to know John Brown they found him as trustworthy, honest, and God-fearing as had their friends on the Kansas National Committee for Iowa. They responded as did Thoreau and Sanborn in Concord, Gerrit Smith in New York, T. W. Higginson, George L. Stearns, Theodore Parker of New England and other abolitionists. Brown was a man who inspired confidence. Such was my father's first impression of him.

Historians have said that "from 1850 on, he (Brown) talked constantly and openly of carrying the war into Africa," but in Springdale he was discreetly silent. Elza Maxson, who went East in 1859, when summoned by Brown, emphasized to me Brown's determination to avoid war or do any harm to any one except those opposing him when he was working to free the slaves. Brown stated that he would have nothing "to do with any war, unless it was a war of liberty."

Well liked, Brown's men were welcome guests for an evening in the homes of the community. Aaron Stephens, Brown's drillmaster, was a frequent visitor at the home of Moses Varney. His daughter, Anna Varney Phelps, would tell of sitting on Stephens' knee while, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he would sing in his beautiful tenor, "Will they miss me at home, Mother? Will they miss me?"

Narcissa Macy Smith stated that Brown's character was irreproachable. He was an ardent prohibitionist; neither did he use tobacco, nor strong and profane language. "As a man thinketh, so is he," she quoted from Proverbs.

Henry D. Thoreau in *A Plea for Captain John Brown* writes that he himself had heard him (Brown) state that "In his camp, he permitted no profanity; no man of loose morals was suffered to remain there, unless, indeed, as a prisoner of war. 'I would rather have small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera all together than a man without principles!'"

Father, a consistent non-resistant, expressed his faith in and high regard for Brown as a man, telling of the path worn by his feet as he, when at the Maxson home, went without fail morning and evening to pray, to communicate with God and to meditate alone. The Quaker receives strength by withdrawing as in silence and solitude one comes close to God. So did John Brown. He had the love which casts out fear.

Only when visitors questioned did we of my generation hear of Brown, the avenger, smiting the enemies of slavery in Kansas. The emphasis was on the common concern to forward the freedom of the slaves and their confidence in Brown as a man of integrity, kindness, sincerity, and spirituality.

Some would question: "Did not the Quakers "wink" at the military drill and Brown's plans, giving aid on the side?" To this Mother's answer was an emphatic "No." The "Meeting" were united in their testimony for peace, she would say, in their efforts to free the slaves and in their disapproval of the use of force by Brown. They spoke their minds frankly and forcefully at every opportunity without avail.

Yet, Mother would continue, when John Brown stated that he felt he was called by the Almighty God to deliver the nation from Slavery, and that his mission was "divinely appointed", the Friends could not doubt him. With their belief in "The Inner Light" and "that of God in everyman" the Quakers expect one's conduct to be in agreement with the inner revelation. The individual must assume full responsibility for his spiritual decisions. Hence they responded to John Brown with an unwillingness to judge him or to set themselves up against him. As Brown walked among them, they shared the burden on his

soul, the great weight of the shackles of the thousands of men in bondage.

It is one of the striking inconsistencies of human nature that the Quakers, strongly non-resistant themselves, loved this man whose dedication to the cause of freedom and whose hatred of slavery had led him mistakenly, in their opinion, down the path of violence. Although they could not agree with his methods and thought his judgment faulty, such was his character, commanding their confidence, esteem and affection, that he and his men wintered unmolested in their midst, making preparations, the goal unknown to the Quakers, for his memorable raid on Harper's Ferry.

John Painter, later the founder of Pasadena, California, the only Quaker known to have had knowledge of Brown's plan at this time, labored in vain to dissuade him. However, Father would remind us that the Quakers were not alone in this trust in Brown, for Parker, Higginson, Stearns, and Gerrit Smith sent him funds not knowing that they were to be used to attack the arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

* * * * *

For only short intervals was Brown himself at Maxson's during the winter. It is said that, before leaving his followers, in January, 1858, to raise money in the East, he disclosed to some of them his plans in more detail and for the first time Harper's Ferry was mentioned. In the community only Maxson and Painter knew what was afoot.

By April Brown returned with funds and gave orders for the expedition to start. By now Moses Varney may have known something of the plans. Each of his men wrote his name on the plaster wall of the "great room" of the Maxson house. In my childhood, the pencil marks had grown so faint that no full name could be traced out by my searching finger.

When Brown talked to Thomas James for the last time, James said, "Thee must be careful or thee will get a rope around thy neck."

To this Brown answered, "Yes, I expect it."

John Painter said, "Friend, I can't give thee money to buy powder and lead but here's \$20, toward thy expenses."

The men went from house to house to say "Farewell". In the crowd which gathered to see them off, there were few dry eyes.

* * * * *

Nearly a year had passed before John Brown came again to Springdale. All were surprised when, 1859, Feb. 25, he appeared with some of his men and eleven or twelve slaves from Missouri. He had taken them safely through part of Kansas and across Iowa while the agents of the Fugitive Slave Law endeavored to capture Brown and the caravan. The government was offering \$250. for his capture and the state of Kansas was offering \$3,000.

Quickly the Friends found secure hiding places for the slaves. On March 10, the negroes traveled by box-car from West Liberty to Chicago. To pay their expenses a public sale had been held to auction off the mules and wagons, all of which had probably been commandeered.

It is told that when a mule was offered for sale, Brown stepped forward saying, "Gentlemen, the mule is all right but there is a slight defect in title."

Another story tells of John Painter saying, "Friend Brown, I understand that thee wishes to sell thy mules and I wish to buy one."

"Yes, they are for sale. How much do you think they are worth?"

"I think," said Painter, "they ought to bring one hundred twenty five dollars apiece."

"The mules are all right," replied Brown, "only for one thing and that is they have the habit of occasionally kicking. I think they should bring only one hundred dollars."

"Very well," agreed Painter, "I will pay one hundred dollars for this mule and I donate twenty-five dollars to the expenses of the expedition."

After the sale Brown did not linger but hurried on to Chicago and Canada.

This was not a quiet interval in that usually serene Quaker community. It would have been a severe test to that non-

resistant Society if a rumored attempt to arrest John Brown and capture the caravan had materialized. Great was the relief when the fugitives were on their way safely.

As the summer of 1859 advanced, here and there a boy in the community went on a trip to Ohio ostensibly to visit relatives.

Elza Maxson had planned to be with Brown at the critical time but, due to the uncertainty of dates, news of the attack reached him as he was on his way to the East. He was too late to have any part in it. Even in his old age, in talking with me, he showed the same firm belief in and high regard for John Brown. The attack had been a mistake. Fate had stepped in and prevented him from personally having a part in that chapter of history. Gladly would he have given his life for the cause. It was with resignation that he accepted his escape from the gallows at Harper's Ferry. Fate had willed it so. A Friend would have said that God had willed it so.

The two Coppoc boys, Edwin and Barclay, received summons to meet Brown at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, at the earliest possible moment.

* * * * *

After their departure, the days drowsed through the summer in Springdale. The quietness of autumn was broken by the startling and terrible news of Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry—news which brought grief, sleeplessness and deep soul searching in the long night watches.

All the world knows of the raid on Harper's Ferry. If Brown had been killed during the attack, he would have been forgotten by now, I have heard Mother say. But his greatness came upon him in his prison days in Charlestown, Virginia, later to be included in West Virginia, when, during the war, that state was formed. Brown acknowledged his mistakes. He fought the plea of insanity put forward by well-meaning friends. When Samuel C. Pomeroy, long identified with the anti-slavery movement, later a senator from Kansas, told him that friends wished to plan an escape, Brown refused the help saying, "I am worth infinitely more to the cause to die than to live."

"God's Angry Man" he has been called by those who regarded him as a man filled with the wrath of God, willing to smite the enemies of the Lord with the sword and to break in pieces the oppressor and destroy the wicked as would a Hebrew prophet in the Old Testament. However, he is remembered as one who, on his last night on earth, asked that his religious attendants at his execution should be "poor little bareheaded, barelegged, ragged slave children and their old gray-haired slave mother." Instead guards and soldiers met him on the porch that Dec. 2, 1859.

As he saw the streets filled with armed soldiers, he commented, "I had no idea that Governor Wise considered my execution so important."

Riding to the gallows, seated on his own coffin, he said, "This is a very beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before."

There was no flinching as he stood on the scaffold. A second later his body hung between heaven and earth and his soul was marching on.

As the Quakers in Springdale learned the sequence of events and realized the full significance of the fact that Brown and his men had drilled and prepared and planned for the attack on Harper's Ferry in their midst, they made haste to restate their testimony for peace. Three weeks after the raid, at the Monthly Meeting "a large and representative committee" was appointed to investigate the report that there "appears to be an impression abroad that the Friends in this neighborhood have improperly encouraged a war spirit." Joel Bean, Henry Rowntree, Israel Negus, Laurie Tatum, James Schooley, and Samuel Macy were among those who served on this committee. They reported to the Monthly Meeting, December 7, 1859:

We have endeavored to consider the subject confided to us in all its bearings and are united in the conclusion, that any publication (in the way of defense) on the part of the Mo Mee (Monthly Meeting) is unnecessary . . . we believe our principals [sic] of peace were never dearer to most of our members than now.

However this did not close the chapter for the Springdale Community, for Edwin Coppoc faced execution for treason and Barclay was a fugitive in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

III

Wayward Tendencies

In mid-summer, July 25, 1859, in the large, square, frame, farmhouse on the eastern outskirts of the small town of Springdale in Cedar County, Iowa, Barclay Coppoc told his mother that he and his brother, Edwin, were starting for Ohio.

"Ohio?" questioned his mother. "I believe that thou art going with Old Brown. When thou gettest a halter round thy neck wilt thou think of me?"

"We cannot die in a better cause," replied Barclay.

It was his Quaker mother, Ann Coppoc Raley, a woman of rare intelligence, a strong abolitionist, who had taught her sons their hatred of slavery. Many a slave had been harbored in their home.

However both boys had developed "wayward tendencies", disturbing to their mother and the "meeting". Edwin took up dancing. The Monthly Meeting dealt with him in the "spirit of restoring love." As Edwin did not condemn his actions he was disowned by the meeting. There is also an entry in the minutes of the Monthly Meeting that Barclay Coppoc had used strong language and struck a man in anger. Barclay gave the "meeting" satisfaction and the complaint was "passed by". Now both brothers had a concern. Following the prompting of the "Inner Light" they threw themselves into the struggle against slavery with John Brown whom they went to meet in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. They were the only Friends who were summoned and Edwin had been "put out of the meeting".

In October of 1859 John Brown gathered his men at the Kennedy Farm in Maryland five miles above Harper's Ferry preparing for his raid on the arsenal in order to obtain arms. "There were six or seven men in Brown's party who . . . were ignorant of the plan of operation until Sunday morning, October 16. Among this number were Edwin and Barclay Coppoc," stated John E. Cook in his confessions made in prison.

About eight o'clock that evening Brown called his men together, saying, "Men, get on your arms. We will proceed to the Ferry."

Early the next morning they heard firing in the valley which increased sometime after noon. Late in the day, arming themselves well with rifles, they started down toward the Ferry. Soon they met Charles Plummer Tidd and later John E. Cook through whom they learned that Brown's Band was completely surrounded and nothing could be done to help them. As lingering in the neighborhood would surely cost them their lives, the only course left them was flight into the mountains. Traveling by night only, hunted by men and dogs, they made their way through an alerted countryside, often having only the hard mature corn from the fields for food.

Edwin Coppoc, the only white man unwounded in the attack, was taken prisoner with John Brown. A newspaper reporter, astonished at his youth and honest face, exclaimed, "What are you doing in this place?"

Governor Wise, also impressed by the boy, said, "You look like too honest a man to be found in this band of robbers."

"But Governor, we look upon you as the robbers," answered Coppoc.

Nine days later he was brought before the court chained to John Brown. The day after Brown's sentence, his trial ended with the verdict that he was to be hanged on December 16.

Asked if he had anything to say to the court, he stated that the charges of treason against the State of Virginia were not true for he had never made war upon it. He had never conspired to overthrow the government of the state. The purpose of the band was to run off slaves to a free state and liberate them. This is against your laws but he had never committed murder. When attacked in the engine house, there was no way out but to fight a little. If anyone was killed there it was a fair fight. He had killed no one. He had broken Virginia's laws, but the punishment for his offence should be very different from the verdict given.

During his imprisonment he wrote to his mother that all had turned out differently from expectations. He had seen his folly too late. He would try to meet death as every man should, though it would have been a great comfort to die at home. He regretted that he had had no other choice than to fight. A Quaker at heart, he was sorry that he had ever raised a gun.